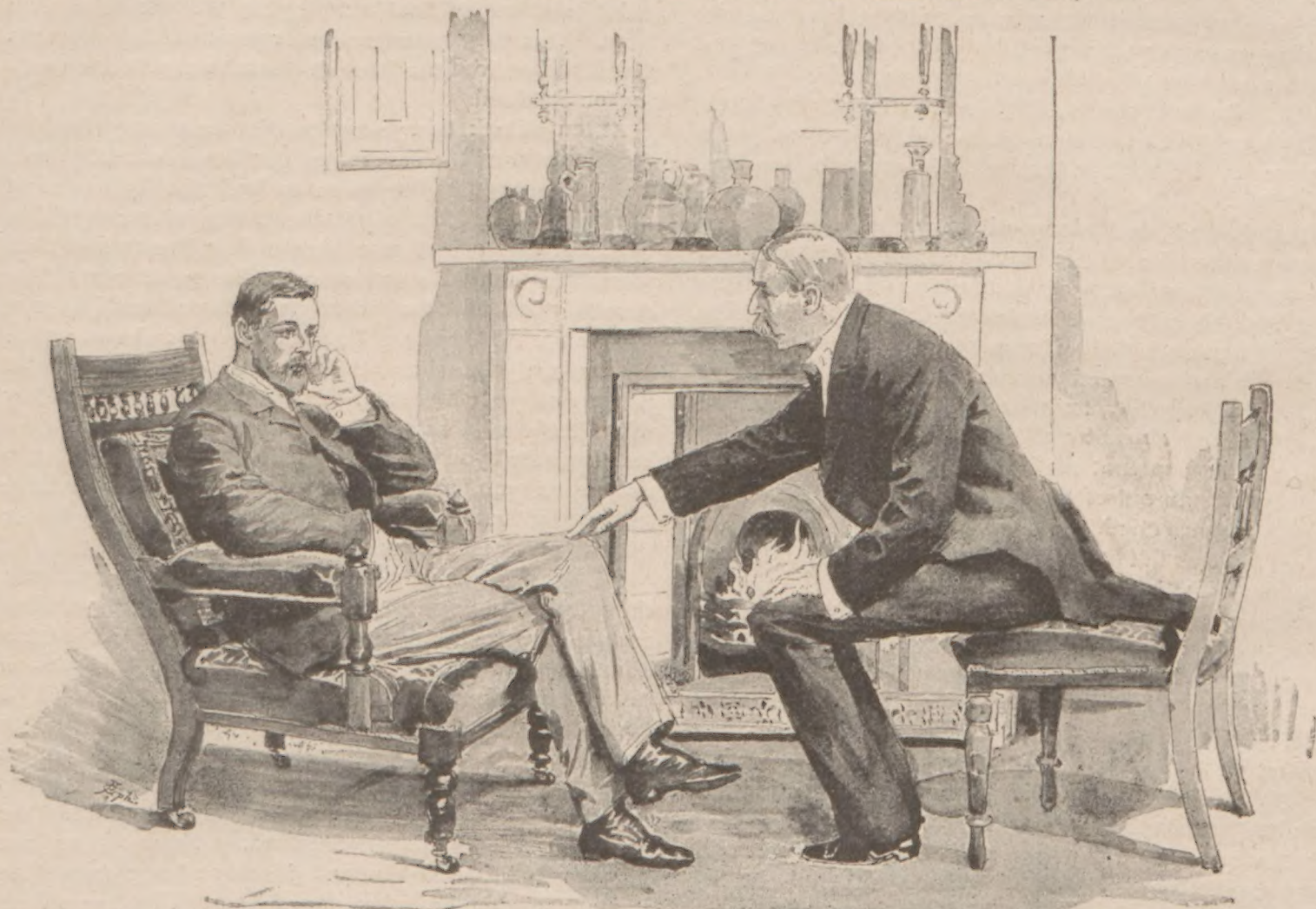


"FOR RICHER, FOR POORER."

BY EDITH C. KENYON, AUTHOR OF "THE MOTHERS OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN," ETC.



"'You poor fool, you,' he said . . . 'That's not the way fortunes are made.'" p. 100.

W. RAINE

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW HOME.

"WE are nearly there now, Dick dear, are we not?"
"Yes, Annie, nearly home."

"How nice it sounds to hear you say that!" said the young wife, with a sigh of content, glancing at her husband's handsome face and well-made figure with love and admiration. "We have had a delightful tour," she added. "Scotland is splendid—fine air, grand scenery, historic associations, and everything we could wish; but, still——"

"Still 'East or west, *hame* is best,'" quoted Dick Briscoe, looking at his three weeks' bride with no little satisfaction.

"It is *indeed*," she said, and her dark eyes sparkled, whilst the colour deepened in her sweet oval face. "I have looked forward so long to having a home of my own—with you."

Dick laughed. "So you *did* put me in," he said.

"Of course." Annie's tone spoke volumes.

They were returning from a very pleasant little wedding tour in Scotland, and the train, in which they happened to occupy a compartment to themselves, was rapidly approaching the town of Matford in Yorkshire. Richard, or Dick Briscoe, as his friends called him, was a clerk in a bank, one of the rules of which was that

the clerks should be in receipt of a certain salary—two hundred a year—before they entered the holy estate of matrimony. Dick had waited impatiently for his "rise." He had been engaged to Annie Clayton for three years, which seemed long indeed to the two young people; so when, that summer, his chief at length informed him that he would in future receive two hundred pounds a year, he lost no time in getting married.

As for Annie, the industrious, sweet-tempered elder daughter of a widow with four children and one of the smallest of small incomes, she had nothing to bring Dick but herself—her pretty face and neat figure, her sweet temper, her well-trained habits of industry and order, her skill in household matters, and a great stock of patience, together with high principles and the spirit of true heart-felt religion, which governed every detail of her life.

"Fortunate Dick Briscoe!" people said, "to have won such a wife for himself;" and indeed he thought that he was most blessed, and desired nothing more than that he might make his sweet young wife as happy as the days were long.

No one was at the station to meet the young couple, and so, having luggage, they took a cab and drove at

once to Ivy Cottage in Suburban Road, on the outskirts of the town.

It was rather late in the evening of an October day, and as they neared their home twilight was already stealing over every object unilluminated by the street gas, which a man was lighting as they passed.

"But oh, Dick, see, see!" cried Annie, who had been gazing through the window in the endeavour to get a glimpse of their little house, "it must be on fire. Look!"

Dick looked, and shrugged his shoulders with no little apprehension. The cottage stood rather back from the street, with a strip of garden and one or two lilac trees and thorn bushes before it. A flood of bright, vivid light streamed from it, making the shapes of the trees and bushes stand out as from a background of fire. Every window, and now as they approached, the door, was a fresh centre of light.

The cab stopped at the little garden-gate, whereupon dark figures ran out of the house, and a chorus of fresh young voices cried, "Welcome home! Welcome home! Come in! Annie! Dick! Welcome home! Come in, come in."

"You rogues!" cried Dick, as he alighted, pretending to be angry, "what do you mean by frightening us in this way? We thought the house was on fire."

"Hurrah! Did you really? Hurrah! Hurrah, I did it!" cried a merry lad of fifteen, Annie's youngest brother.

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed, laughingly, letting him drag her into the house.

"It was to do you *honour*!" he cried. "I bought every candle I possibly could, and stuck them in bottles and things, opposite every chink and every pane of glass."

"He would do it," said their sister Bessie, a stout girl of eighteen, with a plain but sensible-looking face, and a figure which was, as Jack disrespectfully said, "rather wide, you know," at present.

"I told him you would be alarmed," said another brother, a tall youth of twenty; "but there, I might as well talk to the wind as try to drive sense into Jack."

"But it's lovely, isn't it?" cried the lad, dragging his sister round the little house to show her his devices for throwing out the light, and the way in which he had put looking-glasses and tins to act as reflectors. "Now," he continued, waving his hand around, "everyone in the street will know what's up to-night at Ivy Cottage, and that the dearest of brides, and the best of bridegrooms," he added this last with a roguish look at his brother-in-law, "have come to their home at last!"

Annie glanced at her husband in dismay. Jack had truly done his best to make the whole neighbourhood know the state of their affairs. But Dick laughed, and chaffed the boy upon the primitive nature of his illuminations.

Presently the travellers and their self-invited guests sat down to a very prettily decorated tea-table in the cosy sitting-room.

"This is your house-warming, you know," said Bessie; "we were determined to have it. And mother was so sorry that she was not well enough to come. But she sent these cakes and things instead."

Mrs. Clayton was delicate, so Annie was not surprised that she could not come. After tea she enjoyed showing her brothers and sisters some of the photographs and mementoes of Scotland they had brought home with them. And they gave her one or two wedding-presents which had arrived too late for them to see before starting for Scotland.

At ten o'clock the young people went away in high good-humour at the success of the house-warming, and the maidservant having gone to bed, the Briscoes sat beside their small but bright fire, talking over everything.

"I am only a poor man, Annie dear," remarked Dick presently, "but I do not mean to be so always. You have married me 'for richer, for poorer,' but I hope it will be for the former. I should like to make you rich, my darling. You have had such a long struggle with poverty all your life, it is time that fortune turned her wheel for you. I should love to give you rich dresses—how beautiful you would look in them!—and servants to wait upon you, and a carriage to drive in—you have trudged on foot only too long—and a splendid big house with as much money as ever you can spend."

"Oh, Dick!" said Annie, laughing merrily, "what a thing for you to say! Why, I never thought you had such an imagination, or so much ambition." She drew a long breath. This which Dick had just said was a revelation to her. How little he knew her, after all, if he thought such things could make her happy! "Dick dear," she added, laying her soft young hand on his strong shoulder, "do you know I would rather have this dear little house and you just as you are than all the riches in the Bank of England. Money does not necessarily bring happiness. Mother always says there is much wisdom in the prayer of Agur, 'Give me neither poverty *nor* riches.' She said the last words lingeringly, her mind following the idea of poverty and passing on to that of riches in a slow way peculiar to herself."

But Dick said in his masterful manner, "I mean to be rich, my dear. Other men have worked their way up, and I shall too. And you will like it well enough when you know what it is to have everything, my wife—*everything*," he repeated emphatically, "that money can buy."

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CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST SHADOW.

LIKE a dream passed those first happy weeks and months at Ivy Cottage. Every day seemed to have some fresh charm of its own. True, Dick's work at the bank kept him away many long hours; but Annie found herself so busy during his absence, and was so happily occupied in preparing pleasant little surprises for him, that the time flew by. And his evenings he always spent with her. Sometimes they walked over to her mother's—Mrs. Clayton lived at the north side of the town, just a mile and a half off Ivy Cottage—and had a few hours with her and the boys and Bessie. Or they went to a good concert together, or a week-night service in the fine old parish church, or attended some interesting lecture in one of the institutes of the town.

Someone has said that the first twelve months of married life are always the most difficult, because husband and wife have to grow accustomed to one another, and each has to learn to give up his or her own

way. But these two young people found no difficulty of that sort. Their love was so perfect that each found it more pleasant to give than to receive.

"I think," said Annie, one evening in the spring, when they had taken the train a few miles into the country—as in the lighter days they sometimes did—that they might enjoy a country walk, "I think our happiness is too great to last; there is no flaw in it, Dick, at all."

"No, thank God," he said, lifting his hat reverently a moment. "I always thought we should be happy, but I never dreamt of such perfect happiness as this." Then he bent to search in the hedge-side for some violets hidden in their soft dark leaves, and when he found them, pinned them in her dress, whispering fond words of love and praise.

The next day a faint shadow disturbed the household serenity—Jane, the maidservant, fell ill, and her mistress sent her to bed and nursed her very kindly. Moreover, being a good housewife, she did all the work downstairs, and prepared the meals and took them in with her own hands, so that Dick could see no difference. At first he praised her for this, and even tried to assist her in a somewhat clumsy way, by helping to clear the dining-table, and so on. And they both laughed heartily when he made mistakes, and carried the salt-cellars down into the cellar and put the beef by in the kitchen cupboard.

But after a few days he grew tired of that sort of thing and fancied Annie looked wearied. Besides, her hands! He caught hold of them sometimes and found that they were becoming quite rough, and losing the beautiful whiteness which he had so often admired.

"We must send Jane home to her mother's or to the hospital," he said. "I don't see why I should pay her wages whilst you do all the work."

"No, no. She is getting on very nicely, Dick. The doctor says she will be able to get up soon. And he did mention the hospital, but she cried so, and begged me not to send her away. She has no mother." And the tears came into Annie's eyes as she remembered the touching little scene. "And I have Bessie in to help me sometimes," she added. They had as usual left Bessie in charge of the house and the sick girl that evening.

Jane recovered slowly; but before she was able to do her work her master grumbled more than once to Annie. Charwomen were expensive. They exacted their half-crown a day at Matford, and the young wife was thrifty, and would not have one whilst she could work.

But Dick was more annoyed than the occasion seemed to warrant when, one day, his cousin Gerald came in unexpectedly, and saw Annie with a big cooking-apron on and her sleeves rolled up to the elbows. She was cooking the dinner, but had run to open the door for her husband, and did not know anyone was following him in.

Gerald was a somewhat fast young man, with private means and no particular employment. He had often expressed a wish to see Dick's pretty wife, and he noticed with surprise how she was dressed and what was her evident occupation.

With a pretty air of apology, which became her well,

Annie explained the position, and merrily invited him into the kitchen to see her toss a pancake.

But Gerald had the bad manners to shrug his shoulders, with a disdainful air, which made Dick hurry him into the sitting-room, feeling foolishly annoyed with Annie for making such a slave of herself, as he called it—lowering them both in his cousin's eyes.

Gerald would not stay to dinner. But a few evenings afterwards he thought that he would like to see Dick and his pretty wife again, and so he walked over to Ivy Cottage just in time to join them at the supper-table.

The meal was a nice one, and was prettily set out; but Annie was hot and a little harassed. After Gerald's first visit Dick had been more impatient than ever about her doing so much housework, and although Jane was downstairs again she was not able to do much. It was a little difficult for Annie to please her husband by staying in the room with him and at the same time helping the maid as much as was necessary. To make things worse, Gerald would discuss the matter, inquiring if their servant had recovered, and saying in a rather unfeeling manner that it was always a mistake to show too much sympathy and kindness to dependents. Annie did not like his remarks, and after supper she was glad to leave the cousins together, whilst she went into the kitchen to wash up the supper-things. She had sent Jane to bed an hour before.

"I cannot tell you," said Dick, as he offered Gerald a cigar, "how it annoys me that my wife should have to drudge in the kitchen. If we could only afford to keep two servants, or even were able to pay a decent charwoman when our one maid fails us, this sort of thing would not happen."

"Hem!" said Gerald, lighting his cigar leisurely, "I must say it's an awful shame for a lady to have to do that sort of thing. Why, your wife—your wife, my dear fellow," and he laid his hand on the other's shoulder, "would *shine* in Society. That is her right place. Ha! ha!" and he laughed a little noisily.

"We cannot afford to go into society," Dick was beginning, when his cousin interrupted him.

"Cannot afford! Cannot afford!" he said scornfully. "And why cannot you afford it, pray? Tell me that," and he looked searchingly at Dick.

"Well, you know—really, I only get two hundred a year from the bank, and I have a trifle of interest besides from £500 my father left me. That is all we have to live upon."

Gerald lifted his eyebrows with an air of surprise. "I thought you were worth more than that," he said. "But the question is, Dick, do you mean to be content with that very modest income all your life, or do you not?"

Thus interrogated, Dick poured out to his cousin, as he had done once before to Annie, his dream of working hard and rising step by step until at length he became a rich man. With quiet earnestness he dwelt on the probable opportunities that might come in his way, and how he believed that by steady work and patient application he could ultimately reach a position that would be worthy of so devoted a wife as he possessed.

Gerald heard him in silence, and then burst into a loud, derisive laugh.

"You poor fool, you!" he said, "to think that industry and perseverance and all that sort of thing make a man rich in these days. Why, you might grind away at hard work all your life and end by being almost as poor as you are now, whilst you would get worn out in the struggle, and your wife would grow faded and old before her time. No, no, that's not the way fortunes are made in this latter part of the nineteenth century—it's not."

Dick thought of the men in that very town who had begun life as poor working lads, but who now lived in

large houses and kept their carriage and pair. He had always understood it had been done by hard work and perseverance on their part. But he said nothing of that now, for he was all eagerness to hear of some other royal road to wealth, which was easier and quicker than the good old path.

"It's not," repeated Gerald.

"Well, then, what is?" demanded Dick.

"I will tell you," replied the other. "Just you listen."
(To be continued.)

THE "PRESENT" OF MARRIAGE.



"Did she touch here?" The speaker tapped his forehead as he spoke.

He had just been hearing of a recent wedding. The bride, he was told, had delayed changing her name for eight years after engagement. She had done so at last, but how ungraciously!

A relative was to give her away. She would not walk up the aisle with him! Her husband? She left him to walk down it alone after the ceremony. Marriage! It was only a passing incident in her life. It could be put off for a cold, or postponed in order to preserve strawberries.

No wonder an acquaintance asked the above question.

Now, we have heard lately a great deal about the "future" of marriage. I feel somewhat in sympathy with the misanthrope who growled, "Posterity! What did it ever do for me?" Not the *future*, but the *present* of matrimony is what ought to claim our attention.

It is a sad thing to hear people say—as who has not?—"It is the fashion for girls to pretend indifference to the man they are going to marry." For, after all, what *is* marriage but *the* most important event in a woman's life? A choice made for time and—eternity.

The extreme case I have stated at the beginning of this paper (a perfectly true one, by-the-by) can be matched by many another. In my own limited experience I have met with another girl who was to be married on a certain Saturday morning "if back in time from a missionary meeting," at which she was to speak! Surely this devoted, good girl was just as much in the wrong as that elder bride who allowed whim and fancy to come before *the* ceremony. A third acquaintance let the placing of a chair in a room decide whether it was to be Yes or No to an offer of marriage!

Marriage, as says our English Church Service, is an honourable estate, not to be taken in hand lightly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, and soberly.

What reverence is there in stating we do not care for

the man who has chosen us from out of all others to be the partner of his life, who is about to endow us with all his worldly goods and take us for better or worse, to love, honour, and cherish?

Nay, my sisters, these things ought not so to be. In speaking jestingly about marriage we are lowering ourselves as a sex.

There are guilds and societies for almost every object under the sun, or I would suggest a "Guild of the Holy Estate," each member to be bound by three simple rules—

(1) Never to speak slightly of the event Christ adorned and beautified by His presence.

(2) Never to lower the esteem in which it ought to be held by dubbing it "slavery," or a "necessity."

(3) Never to allow for an instant any unworthy factor to be recognised in a marriage contract.

Marriage is one of the few things in life left actually to us to choose or refuse—I mean in the majority of instances. We cannot determine the day of our birth or of our death, the circumstances of good or evil, wealth or poverty, strength or delicacy, but free will has one field open entirely to its operations.

We may choose our wedding-day. We may refuse it if we prefer. For a girl to say she is forced into matrimony is a confession of mental and moral feebleness.

And here is where our duty as mothers comes in. We should so train our daughters, by precept and *example*, that marriage should be regarded by them as a "crown of womanhood."

A crown only—not the crown.

Teach the girls that all cannot be queens wearing this special regalia; but bid them speak and think of it as a royal estate. As far as in us lies, let the "Dodos" of modern society be more than ever excrescences. I think it is only needed for mothers to see what a growing evil is the present view of marriage. Then surely they will inculcate a different doctrine into the minds over which they bear rule. LINA ORMAN COOPER.

A Renowned Mother.—The history of Rome supplies us with one illustrious example of motherhood in the person of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi. She was the daughter of the great Scipio, to whom Rome owed its independence, and it is not given to many to have such a noble birthright. Her claim to immortal honour, however, rests not on her *pedigree*, but on her *merit*. She was left a widow with a young family about her, but refused an offer to share the throne of the King of Egypt. She had taken her resolve, which was the dedication of her energies to the training of her boys, Tiberius and Caius, and unique success attended her endeavours. By

popular acclamation her sons, early in life, succeeded to the leadership of the Roman people, and lived and died in the cause of reform. Their illustrious mother gloried in the sons she had reared. In after-days her statue in bronze was set up in the Forum. Beneath it was the simple inscription, "Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi."

* * *

Don't Scold.—One sentence of honest praise bestowed at the *right* time is worth a whole volley of scolding. A storm of scolding has about as good effect on children as a hail-storm has on young plants.



MIZPAH.

UNDER the shining summer sky
 The sapphire water glows,
 The joyous gulls go flashing by,
 The sea-wind lightly blows,—
 Soft as it whispers to me here,
 May it bear you my message, dear !

Every fond word I could not say
 I bid it tell to you,
 The thoughts I think, the prayers I pray,
 The love so strong and true.
 God watch between us, dearest heart,
 Till next we ~~meet~~—no more to part !

SHIRLEY WYNNE.

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD PROBLEMS.

BY FLORENCE STACPOOLE, LECTURER TO THE NATIONAL HEALTH SOCIETY.

III.—THRIFT WITHOUT DISCOMFORT.



WITHOUT economy," said Dr. Johnson, "none can be rich, and with it few can be poor."

There could hardly be a better text for our paper; nevertheless, we must remember that there are two kinds of economy, a false one as well as a real one, and there are two kinds of thrift.

"It were an unthrifty thrift indeed," says Dr. T. K. Chambers, "which imperilled vigour of mind

and body to effect a pecuniary saving, for there is no investment so remunerative as high health. A man need not consider that he is wasteful when he spends money upon making his bill of fare palatable. Pleasure and prudence here walk hand in hand."

It is in being able to distinguish between a false and a true economy that the whole secret of good housekeeping and comfortable household management lies.

Rosamond in "Middlemarch" thought that "good housekeeping consisted simply in ordering the best of everything—nothing else answered." There are others who think that thrift and economy consist in buying the *cheapest* of everything, and spending as little money as possible on anything. Such economy may, however, in the end prove the worst extravagance.

If our only idea in buying food, for instance, is to buy the cheapest, without any thought of its nutritious quality, we may indeed feed our families with enough to satisfy hunger, and we may save a certain amount on that particular head; but we shall almost certainly spend more in the long run by loss of health—first, in paying for the necessities of illness, and then in respect to the loss of money that might be earned during the time lost in illness. Therefore, one of the first problems in a really thrifty home is to know how to buy food that will nourish the body and keep it in health at a moderate cost. Fortunately, this is not difficult, if we know what are the "principles," as the chemists call them, that should exist in food if it is to nourish the body properly. These are five in number: (1) Water, (2) starch or sugar, (3) albumen, (4) fat, (5) salts—*i.e.*, earthy salts, such as lime, soda, iron, etc., as well as ordinary salt.

Each of these has a special work of its own to perform. If our food were absolutely water-free (which it never is, however) we should no more be able to digest it than so much sawdust.

The starch in our food (we get this in our bread, potatoes, rice, beans, etc.), which becomes sugar in the course of digestion, and the sugar play an important part in the production of heat and the repair of the tissues or texture of the body.

The albumen in an especial manner performs its part in tissue repair.

Fat, whether we take it in the form of meat fat, or as it exists—which it does in considerable quantities—in milk, eggs, butter, cream, fish, olive oil, cheese, cereals, etc., has a wonderful and important property in regard to the welfare of the body. *It contains the germ of new*

cellular growth, and upon this the digestion and the building up of the body and its development depend. Every tissue of the body, bone, brain, and muscle, is made up of cells, which abstract or imbibe from the blood the matters they require for their nourishment and for the performance of their functions.

The "salts" have a very important work to do. They supply hardening matter to the bones, purify the blood, and assist in the production of those various glandular secretions which are absolutely necessary for the process of digestion.

In such simple and cheap foods as milk, eggs, lentils, oatmeal, and haricot beans, we find a sufficient supply of *all* these five "principles" to keep the body in a perfect state of health, in full repair, and able to perform its daily work. The late Professor of Military Hygiene, Dr. E. A. Parker, proved by experiment that it was possible to keep a strong young soldier in the best health and doing the hardest work on a pound and a quarter of oatmeal and three pints of milk a day, costing altogether about 9d.!

Now, here is a way by which we can exercise a "thrifty thrift." We can substitute occasionally for the more expensive beef and mutton such things as haricot beans, lentils, or macaroni, which last that great dietetic authority, Sir Henry Thompson, tells us is "an aliment of very high nutritious power."

We may, without being afraid of saving money at the expense of health, have one or two dinners a week of a savoury stew of lentils, haricots, or macaroni, with a little onion and parsley to flavour them. The saving in money compared with meat dinners will be considerable, and the nourishment as great—greater, indeed, than it would be in the case of tough or re-cooked meat. As a substitute for a meat stew, lentils or haricots make a delicious dish when prepared as follows:—Boil till tender, then fry in good dripping with chopped onion, parsley, pepper, and salt; serve very hot with or without potatoes, or they may be boiled and served with onion or parsley sauce. These constitute exceedingly appetising dishes, containing every possible form of nourishment, both animal and vegetable, at a very small cost. Or any of these may be used to "help out" a meat dinner where there are a number of hungry people and only a small piece of meat.

Two tablespoonfuls of haricot beans, lentils, or macaroni, and one slice of meat will make as good a dinner as two or three slices of meat without this addition. They should be boiled, and served in the gravy round the meat. The water in which they have been boiled should never be thrown away. This is what Sir Henry Thompson says on the subject: "There is still in the saucepan, after boiling haricot beans, a residue of value which the French peasant's wife, who turns everything to account, utilises in a manner quite incomprehensible to an Englishwoman. She cuts and fries some onions, adds these to it, and some thick slices of bread, a little salt and pepper, with a pot herb or two from the corner of the garden, and thus serves hot an agreeable and useful *croûte au pot*."

Lentil flour is excellent food for children and invalids, prepared as blanchmange or porridge, for thickening soups, etc. "It contains," says Sir William Roberts, "twice as much proteid, *i.e.*, albuminous or flesh-forming matter, as wheat or oat flour, and almost twice as much lime."

Another wrinkle for the thrifty, which adds to the comfort of the home, is in the matter of coffee. We all know that a cup of weak, washy coffee does not add to the sweetness of the temper of the master of the house at breakfast (alas for frail humanity, the temper is often ruled by the stomach and even the palate!). Well, do not throw away your coffee-grounds. Boil them in water, and with the water make your to-morrow's coffee. You will have stronger coffee whilst using a smaller quantity than if you used plain water.

Then, again, there is the subject (often a vexed one) of dripping. In many houses it is actually sold for half its worth. This is a sure mark of an unthrifty house. *Dripping is every bit as good as butter for cooking purposes if it is properly rendered.* This is especially true of beef dripping. For pastry it should be rendered *three* times, as follows: Break it up into a basin, and pour over it a kettleful of *boiling* water. Let it stand till cold. It will then be a hard cake. Cut it out, scrape off the dark under-part, throw away the water, and repeat the process twice more. Such dripping will keep good for months in cold weather, whilst it makes delicious cakes and pastry, and is just as good as suet for puddings.

But besides in our feeding, there are other matters in which we need to discriminate between a thrifty and unthrifty thrift. There is no real economy in buying cheap clothing which soon looks shabby, which quickly

wears out, and which does not protect the body properly. It costs less in the beginning, perhaps, but it costs more in the end, and gives little comfort.

Then there is the large question of household expenditure on books, education, and amusements. I have left but a scant corner for its consideration, but enough, perhaps, in which to sow a seed of thought which every one can cultivate for herself. It is this:

Do not devote all your energies, after supplying the body with suitable nourishment and clothing, merely to saving. The mind, the character, requires to be nourished and clothed as well as the body. Cheerful and pretty surroundings, and the cultivation only bestowed by the companionship of books, cost something. In these days, fortunately, they need not cost very much. To procure them out of a small income no doubt requires care and judgment, but with these they can be procured; and the father and mother who recognise that such things are as necessary for their children if they would secure to them a good *mental* development, as good food and comfortable clothes are if they would ensure them a good *physical* development, will not devote all their attention merely to "adding to their pile."

Physical starvation in childhood never can be compensated for in after life, and it is the same with mental starvation. The parents whose whole object is to save, who think that every shilling laid out on a new book, a pretty picture, or a cheerful trip is "waste," are starving their children mentally; and the childhood passed in a sordid, unlovely home, whose atmosphere is devoid of all the fragrance and sunshine bestowed by the little refinements that might be purchased by a small percentage of the money packed away in the bank, will only by a miracle escape from developing into a stunted after-life.

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

"NOW, remember!" said the Grey Cat to her Kitten. "You understand what I have been telling you. Never take anything that does not belong to you. If you do, you will suffer for it. You have escaped undetected this time, but you are not likely to do so again. Think of my words, and always be honest."

"I'll be sure," said the Kitten, who was longing for a romp with a ball that lay near.

"It is such a shocking thing to steal," pursued the Grey Cat. "It becomes such a habit. If you don't conquer it now, you will never overcome it when you are older. You will grow up a confirmed thief; be disliked by everyone, and break my heart."

"I won't," said the Kitten, looking much impressed.

"You see, habits of that kind always grow upon one," said the Grey Cat again. "Don't you agree with me?" appealing to the old Tortoise-shell.

"Very much so," replied the Tortoise-shell. "You don't mean to say that your little one is addicted to stealing?"

"Not often," said the Kitten, deprecatingly. "Only just a little milk once or twice."

"A little is as bad as a great deal, if it doesn't belong to you," said the Tortoise-shell, who was the model of an honest, well-behaved cat.

"Just what I have been saying," observed the Grey Cat. "It is very sad—a melancholy fact to contemplate. I can't imagine how a kitten of mine can have so forgotten herself, or what can have put it into her head."

"I could tell you that easily enough," said the Kitten, who was rather apt to be pert.

"Do. What was it, my dear?" asked the Grey Cat, unguardedly.

"Well, I didn't see, mother, why, *if you took butter out of the larder, I mightn't take milk out of the pantry,*" said the Kitten, taking care to keep at a respectful distance.

"Ah! I see," said the Tortoise-shell. "I understand now. Take care, Mrs. Grey Cat, that, with all your talking and teaching, you don't, by the mere force of example, turn out your child an arrant thief, probably ten times worse than you are yourself."

And the Grey Cat slunk away without a word to say for herself.

AGNES GIBERNE.

Your Boys.—If you would have your boys manly and self-reliant, treat them as though they were of some importance. Take an active interest in what they should like, but

don't be too critical with them. Try to be their confidant. Never neglect the little courtesies. Set them an example of thoughtful kindness.

MOTHERS OF OTHER LANDS.

IV.—THE MOTHERS OF INDIA.

BY B. MCCALL-BARBOUR, AUTHOR OF "A FAMOUS MOTHER'S HYMN," ETC.



FROM India's coral strand." How familiar is the phrase to most of us! Doubtless we have sung it times without number; and as we did so, we have thought only of the burning rays of that sunny clime and its countless natural beauties. If other thoughts than these came to us, at best they came with but a faint impression of the awful darkness of heart in which its

people dwell, and the horrible superstitions and sin with which the land is saturated.

India, generally speaking, is to-day still a land of superstition and idolatry, and its people live in the thralldom and bondage of that curse.

The tribes of India, like most other superstitious people, have a very low and disrespectful estimate of the position of women. From birth to burial the females of the race are looked down upon and counted of but little value.

When very young the mother separates her girls from the boys of the family, and thereafter they are kept apart in what is termed the "women's quarter" of the house. To most of us the life which they live there would seem an aimless, dreary, monotonous existence, scarcely worthy of the name of "life." The most important part of the training which the mother imparts to her daughters is in connection with cooking and dressing the hair. In this latter occupation they spend much of their time. Story-telling about the gods and goddesses of their native land is another occupation in which the mother largely indulges, and which serves to interest and absorb the time of the little ones. In a country which lays claim to "three hundred and thirty million gods," it is not difficult to realise how inexhaustible is the source of "story-telling" which lies ready to the hand of the Indian mother.

Not many years ago it was considered a sin of the most heinous nature to educate a girl child in the arts of reading and writing. Consequently the women grew up in utter ignorance and were entirely dependent upon their husbands for all their knowledge. As an indication of the amount of knowledge required to qualify an Indian girl for her work as a wife and mother, the following sentence by a native is suggestive: "She must know two things. First, she must

know the way to the bazaar to buy the necessities for the house; and secondly, she must know the nearest way from the bazaar home again."

However, the condition of both the daughters and the mothers of India is undergoing a change in relation to the subject of education, and instead of its being considered the proper thing for a girl to be uneducated, the growing feeling is in the reverse direction. There is some hope that the "dark days" of the women of India are nearing their end, for the light and liberty of education is gaining hold, and "knowledge is power."

Although the birth of a girl-child of India is looked upon, in one aspect, as a misfortune, still, in the hearts of most mothers, there is a warm affection for the little ones, and the maternal sway is very much more evident in the lives of the girls than the boys of India. The reason of this is found in the fact that the girls are confined in that portion of the house where the mother is, while the boys are left pretty much to themselves.

The home-life of the mothers of India is chiefly absorbed in household concerns, the principal being the preparation and cooking of the food. The diet of the peoples of India is mostly comprised of vegetable matter, and there are many preparations which entail an amount of work both long and laborious. The chief item of food is rice, and this, in the hands of the Indian mother, goes through a great variety of preparations. In our illustration we have the picture of a native mother preparing curry, which is a favourite form of food with the Hindoo section of the people. Other sorts of food



Indian Woman Mixing Curry.



A Group of Indian Scholars.

are wheat and other grains, fish and fruit, while for drink water and milk are mostly used.

Not much time need be expended by the housewife of India in keeping clean the furniture of the house, for, as a matter of fact, there is little or no furniture within her dwelling—no tables, no chairs, no cupboards. What is done in the way of making ready the food, etc., is done on the floor of the dwelling on slabs of stone, and the women kneel or sit in the peculiar fashion depicted in our illustration.

In matters of dress, fashion is a subject which never troubles the mother of India. As for the children—amongst the poorer classes they generally have no dress. The intense heat of the climate makes the weight and confinement of garments unbearable, and so the little ones are usually allowed freedom from this encumbrance. For herself the mother usually provides a long broad strip of soft light muslin, which is tied around and hangs from her waist; it is then carried up around her shoulders and drawn over her head. The desire for decoration is very strong in the people of India, and is exhibited in the many rings and jewels with which they adorn their ears, arms, noses, and necks.

If there is one aspect of the life of the mothers of India which is more deplorable than another, it is their state of widowhood. Whenever the husband and father dies, and the mother is made a widow, she is looked upon as an outcast, and is often shamefully maltreated and despised. This is the result of the prevailing belief that if a husband dies it has been because of some misdeed in the life of the wife and mother. It is supposed that his death is the result of her guilt; and it is consequently believed that the more severe the treatment which she receives at the hands of her neighbours, the greater will be their reward hereafter.

Till within recent years it was the law of

millions of widows; and of these no fewer than sixty thousand are under twenty years of age." In India it is a disgrace not to be married, and it is a disgrace to be a widow; consequently, all of life that may be said to be worth living is that span—



An Indian Peasant Family.

the land that when a man died all his wives must be burned with him. It is questionable whether the present prolongation of existence is viewed with greater favour by the women than the old custom of burning, seeing it is nothing more than a process of persecution and slow death. Men may have several wives, but women are never allowed to marry more than once. Thus it is that India to-day lays claim to the possession of "twenty-one

not often very long—between marriage and widowhood.

Sir Alfred Croft, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Calcutta, recently made the following important statement: "Little can be done to combat the young Bengali's growing want of respect towards constituted authority, his magnified opinion of himself and his own

importance, until home influence can be purified and strengthened. This can only be effected by the emancipation of Indian women from the thralldom in which they now exist."

Happily, many Christian agencies are now at work in India for this end. May their labours for the uplifting of the Indian mother be speedily successful!

MY HAPPY POSSESSIONS.

BY CHARLOTTE SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "THE MASTER'S MESSAGES," ETC.

IV.—MY GARDEN.



OUR life has been likened to many things, such as a ship, a tree, a shadow; and Isaiah, the man of eloquent lips, thinking of some lives, could only compare them to "a well-watered garden." In the winter time, such similes as "shadows" and "storms" seem to be applicable, but in the golden summer time it is nicer to think of our life as a shady garden, rich in colour.

THE SIZE OF MY GARDEN.

Gardens vary very much. Some are very large, and need anxious care; some are very small and compact. Some are very tiny, just a few boxes in a window-sill. I heard a little while ago of a real *hanging garden*—three pots tied on to the rails of a clothes-horse! The smallness of a garden is no obstacle to the promotion of beauty. Look what lovely little gardens can be seen in the back-yards of some of the poorest houses, the flowers growing there all amongst the London smoke. Large gardens are often perfect wildernesses.

Our lives are often like town gardens; some with narrow surroundings, shut in by circumstances, even shut in for years in one room. Yet we can all have our window-sill gardens. No life so narrow but there is room for flowers to grow.

But some gardens are smaller than they need be. Fences could be extended, and instead of the Lord of the Manor complaining, He would be pleased to see the gardens increasing in size. I know that some gardens are very small, but I know they might be much larger if the owners liked to make them so. How few women seek to extend their helpfulness or endeavour to take a deeper interest in the world at large! Just what concerns their home and little circle, with plenty of comments on babies, servants, and fashions, satisfies so many.

THE CONTENTS OF MY GARDEN.

It is an old-fashioned garden, and its flowers are those of every clime, and each little flower speaks of a virtue.

We read in our Holy Book that the fruits of the Spirit are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance," and all these grow in our gardens—a flower for each. There is the beautiful rose, ever speaking of *love*; and not far away is the golden gorse, "ever golden, cankered not the whole year through," and it speaks of *love at all times*. The wood-sorrel speaks of *joy*; the rustle of olive leaves whispers of *peace*; the meek ox-eyed daisy in the corner

yonder tells of *patience*; the azalea, of *temperance*; then the pansy speaks of *thoughtfulness*; the almond blossom, of *hope*; the broom, of *humility*; the sweetbriar, of *trust*, for it says, "I wound but to heal." The little blue flower yonder whispers, "Forget-me-not." I answer, "How can I forget the God who loves me, and the friends who pray for me?" The ivy teaches of *fidelity*; and the wallflower, deemed so common, but loved so dearly, speaks of *bonds of affection* which bind me to those I love. The lovely white lilac and Star of Bethlehem are my lessons on *purity* and *innocence*, and the white pink, the flower of our girlhood, reminds us we have all *talents* which must be used. What a lovely garden! what fragrant perfumes it yields! If suddenly called upon for any, have we got such flowers of the heart?

I hope no one will be offended if I just name the flowers I think we lack the most. They are: *Love at all times, joy, peace, purity, patience*.

THE ENEMIES OF MY GARDEN.

Spring and winter frosts. Some mornings you may see the ground white with buds which the ice-maiden has nipped off during the night. And she withers the leaves and dries up the life-sap of many a plant. So works the frost of *indifference* in our lives.

High winds crush many a fair bough and flower. A *breezy temper* in many a home kills the flowers of *love, peace, and purity*.

Blight is another enemy. In London gardens we have a blight which comes through dirt and soot. Our ivy leaves have to be washed before we can use them for decoration. Some flowers were given to us the other day with the remark, "I am sure you will like these; they are *clean country flowers*." This blight we liken to *temptation*.

Weeds are another enemy, growing much faster than the flowers. These are the *bad habits* which we are liable to form, quite as much as our children.

Drought is still another enemy in our garden. Sometimes everything looks dry and parched. And that is what *worldliness* does to us, letting self and pleasure fill up so much of our thoughts.

Is it any wonder, with all these enemies, that those five flowers are so seldom found?

But we must not get down-hearted, for

THE SECRET OF MY GARDEN

proves that it is possible for these flowers to grow in abundance.

If you went to a friend who has a nice garden, and asked, "What is the secret of your garden's beauty?" she would reply, "Rain, labour, night, sunlight, help."

What would they mean to you with regard to your life's garden? Rain would mean *prayer*; labour, *watchfulness*, *service*; night, *sorrow*; sunlight, *joy*; help, *assistance* from One with knowledge and power. The flowers could not do without the night's cool hours, nor we without the chastening of sorrow. Neither can we keep our gardens in proper order by ourselves. But there comes a Friend to my garden-gate, and He says to me, "I want to help you—will you let Me? I see your flowers are drooping; they need attending to. Shall I do it for you?"

THE DEFENCE OF MY GARDEN.

All gardens need a hedge or wall to protect them. Our life's garden has a most wonderful one, for God has said, "I will be a wall of fire round about thee." How secure! reminding us of those calming words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

One evening a few weeks ago I had a waking dream. A great King was coming, and all the land was astir. Every subject was to bring an offering of flowers, for all had gardens. Some were jubilant with delight, for they had ready for offering rich coloured gifts, but some looked doubtful about their offerings. Many seemed ashamed, and not a few were hurrying away to lonely places to hide; others were trying to beg flowers from

neighbours, but did not succeed. One woman could find nothing to offer but a bunch of leaves, another a bunch of wild flowers; others had nothing but weeds, hoping in the number of offerings their character might not be discovered. One girl had wind-blown blossoms, hardly a petal left upon the stalks; some had only one solitary flower, and others faded starvelings. Then the King came, and, oh, what sunlight! and, oh, what song! Little children gave Him their floral offerings and received His praise. From some the single flowers were received with a smile; for, said the King, "I know your garden was a thorny and stony one, and your hands but weak." Each offering was received and judged separately. One little bunch of violets He placed on His breast, they were so sweet though so lowly; but the weeds and the leaves were discarded, and He said, "I gave you seeds and garden land, dews and sunlight, how then is it ye have no proper offering for Me?" And then He visited all the gardens. Some of the owners tried to hide themselves, but the leaves of the trees would not cover them. The owners of the flowerless gardens He banished to a desert isle, but those who had brought Him sweet offerings went in with Him to His palace home, where all was brightness and all was song.

Our King is coming; what will He find in our gardens?

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

HE cannot walk, he cannot speak,
Nothing he knows of books and men,
He is the weakest of the weak,
And has not strength to hold a pen;
He has no pocket, and no purse,
Nor ever yet has owned a penny,
But has more riches than his nurse,
Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a cry,
And holds them captive by a smile,
A despot strong, through infancy,
A king, from lack of guile.

He lies upon his back and crows,
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother;
What can he mean? But I suppose
They understand each other.
Indoors or out, early or late,
There is no limit to his sway,
For wrapt in baby robes of state,
He governs night and day.
Kisses he takes a rightful due,
And, Turk-like, has his slaves to dress him.
His subjects bend before him too;
I'm one of them. God bless him! J. DENNIS.

Helps for Busy Housewives.

CARE IN DIET.—Eat less meat in summer than during the cold months of the year. Meat heats the blood, and indirectly causes disease when eaten in excess in warm weather.

Bad Smells.—To keep sewer-pipes connected with stationary sinks, etc., clean and wholesome, pour boiling soda and water down them twice a week. Remember that many cases of diphtheria and typhoid fever have been attributed to the fumes arising from foul sewer-pipes.

Tin-ware.—The best thing for cleaning tin-ware is common soda, says a correspondent. Dampen a cloth and dip in soda, rub the tin briskly, after which wipe dry. Black and dirty tin-ware can thus be made to look like new.

To Remove the Grease Marks caused by droppings from a candle, try this remedy, and you will find it superior to either scraping or applying a hot iron, which leaves a dirty spot. Take a little spirits of wine, drop it on the spot, and rub it with the hand until you have reduced the grease to a powder, then shake it and brush off.

Stewed Macaroni.—Put some water in a saucepan, and when boiling add half a pound of macaroni. Let it stew

gently for an hour. Mix a little flour with water, add a small piece of butter, a little chopped parsley, pepper, and salt (a little curry powder can be substituted for the parsley for change), stir all together, and let it just boil up. Serve with potatoes or other vegetables.

Temperature of Ovens.—When an oven is too hot at first a crust forms on bread or cake, which prevents its rising. It is better when baking bread and cake to have the oven a little slow at first and increase the heat gradually. Should the oven be too hot, the temperature may be reduced by putting in it a basin of cold water.

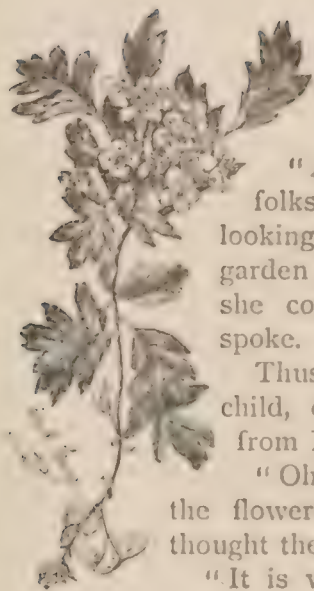
Water from the wash-tub and the bath-tub should be thrown away immediately, it being both unpleasant in smell and harmful to health.

Creaking Doors.—If soap be applied to the hinges of a creaking door, it will stop the irritating noise.

To Wash Calicoes or muslins without fading, soak them two or three hours in a pail of water in which two ounces of sugar of lead have been dissolved; then wash as usual. If they soak any longer it does no harm, a laundress declares.

THE MESSAGE OF THE MAY.

BY JENNIE PERRETT.



"MIGHT I have just a little bit of flower off that tree, please, ma'am?"

"A bit of May—hawthorn, as some folks call it?" said the kind, motherly-looking woman, who was standing at her garden gate. "Why, yes, dear. Come in," she continued, opening the gate as she spoke.

Thus invited, the pale-faced, dark-eyed child, one of a party of school children from London, entered the pretty garden.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, looking round at the flowers, "it seems too good. I never thought the country was half so beautiful."

"It is very pretty," said the woman; "at all times and seasons I love the country, but—but there are some that tire of it. What do you say, 'You must be going'? Well, have a drink of milk first, and call in here on your way to the station to-night, and I'll have some May ready for you."

As she spoke she hastened into the house and brought out a cup of milk.

"Bessie!" said the child, as she caught sight of the name in gilt letters on the china cup. "Why, that's my name—Bessie Walsh. I live with poor old granny, 'cause father and mother are dead. Was she a little girl, this—this Bessie the pretty cup belonged to?"

"Yes," was the hurried reply. "There, dear, you'd better go now. You'll not forget to call for your flowers?"

Bessie remembered the promised gift, and when the evening came she hastened to the cottage to receive the hawthorn from her kind friend.

"There," said the woman, pointing to a basket, "take that with you, dear; the flowers will keep better there than in your little hot hands."

As she spoke she kissed the child, and Bessie felt a hot tear fall upon her face.

A moment later she hastened on her way, and the woman stood alone at her gate and watched the children pass. The sunset faded and the twilight came, and still the woman lingered at the gate, waiting, as she had done many a night, for a form she never saw, listening for a footstep she never heard but in her dreams.

Having reached her home, little Bessie Walsh related to her poor old grandmother the wonders she had seen, and told her of the kindness of the woman at the cottage; then she took out carefully one by one the fair flowers from the basket.

"Oh, Bessie dear!" said the old woman, "I wish we could move away from London into the country."

"Wouldn't it be lovely!" exclaimed the child.

"Wouldn't what be lovely?" asked a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, who entered the room just then. "Oh! Bessie," she added, "where have you been to get these lovely flowers?"

"I've been with our mission school to Summerdale," replied Bessie, "and a kind woman at a cottage near the woods gave me all these flowers, though I only asked her for a little bit of that blossom they call May."

With trembling fingers the blue-eyed girl took up the

long branch of hawthorn, and looked at its fair, white blossoms. "How sweet it is!" she murmured. "Oh, Bessie, tell me, was it a pretty cottage?"

"Pretty, yes," replied the child. "Why, there were all kinds of flowers in the garden, and a vine over one side of the house, and something growing on the other—"

"That would be a Virginian creeper. And was there a little porch outside the door?"

"Why, yes, to be sure there was; that was where I stood while I drank some milk out of a cup with the name Bessie on it. Wasn't that strange, Annie?"

"Yes, dear," replied the girl, still holding the branch of hawthorn in her hands.

"She was such a kind woman," continued Bessie; "but she looked tired and troubled, although she lived in such a pretty place. What do you say, Annie, 'Can you have a piece of that hawthorn?' Yes, all of it, if you like."

"I only want a little piece," said the girl, as she fastened a spray in her dress. "Good-bye, little Bessie; some day you will be able to understand what you and the flowers have done for me, and you shall visit Summerdale again. Who knows but there might be a little home found there for you and granny?"

Away she hastened down the creaking stairs, and out into the street. Onward she passed until she reached a large house. She entered, and passed unnoticed up the wide, softly-carpeted staircase; then, having reached her room, she changed the bright dress she wore for the plainest, darkest one she possessed. With trembling fingers she took off some glittering jewellery, and then—her only ornament the spray of hawthorn—passed out into the street, and hastened to the nearest railway station. She travelled by a late train, and reached the village nearest to her home early the following morning.

With rapid steps she passed through the dew-bespangled meadows and shady lanes, and as the clock of the village church struck three she entered the pretty garden little Bessie Walsh had visited the previous day. Intending to sit down in the porch for two or three hours, she passed with almost noiseless footsteps along the gravel path.

"She will not hear me," she murmured, forgetting that a mother never slumbers soundly unless her loved ones are in safe keeping.

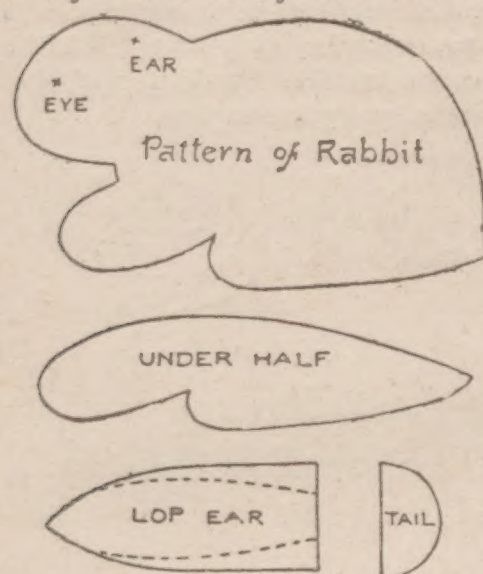
"Was she dreaming?" she asked herself a few moments later, as the cottage door opened, and loving arms were outstretched to receive her.

"Mother, I have sinned," she whispered, hiding her face upon her mother's breast. "But the flowers you gave a little child yesterday brought me a message; they told me of home, and bid me hasten there. Oh, mother, can you forgive me, and take me home to your heart again?"

"Home to my heart, Bessie," repeated the mother, pale and trembling from this sudden realisation of all her hopes and prayers. "My child, ever since you left me I have prayed, and watched, and waited for this hour, and I said, 'Whenever and however she may come, I will bid her welcome home.' Come in, my tired, wandering child, and rest."

SOME HOME-MADE TOYS.

TOY animals, soft and cuddlesome, harmless and durable, are always a welcome addition to the nursery play-box. Those to be found in shops do not always satisfactorily combine these attractions, while



they sometimes possess objectionable features which detract greatly from their desirability for the little ones.

For many years past we have been in the habit of presenting the babies of our acquaintance with "bunny-rabbits," made out of swan's-down calico and stuffed with wool; and our efforts in this direc-

tion have invariably, to use a somewhat well-worn phrase, been attended with the most encouraging results. The bunny can be made with little trouble, and for an outlay of two or three pence; it is always popular; it may be washed and boiled, when necessary, with impunity; and it is practically everlasting. We therefore offer the pattern to the readers of *THE MOTHERS' COMPANION* in the hope that if any of them should try their hand at the manufacture of this, or either of the simple toys here

described, their experience may prove as satisfactory as our own.

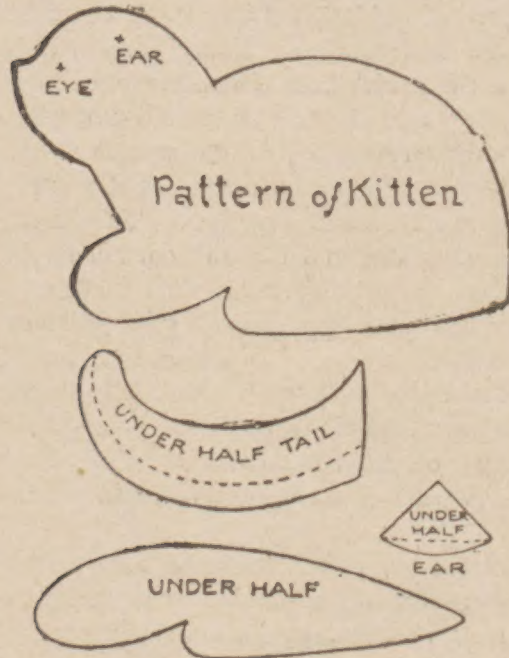
A quarter of a yard of unbleached swan's-down calico is enough to make several rabbits. Every portion is in two halves. When the under half of the body has been tacked on to the upper, and the two stitched together by hand, very closely—or, preferably, on the machine—the tail should be made and stitched on to one of the upper halves before they are fastened together. This is the neatest method of insertion, and the tail can hardly be too small to look nice; at first we made tails that stood out like tea-pot handles when the animal was finished, but we soon improved on these. The under halves of the ears should be made of pale pink satin. They are very "niggling" to turn, especially when long enough to "lop," and the setting of them in, which must be done before the creature is stuffed, is the only difficult part of the whole business.

Having neatly joined the rabbit together and turned it, we now pierce a hole right through the head (to ensure getting the ears in exactly corresponding positions on both sides), and then enlarge it with a snip in this form $\triangleright$, with the point towards the tail. Then, having folded the outside of the ear over the inside—as indicated by the dotted line in the diagram—we push the root end of it into the hole, swan's-down uppermost, taking care that the little three-cornered flap, shown above, goes in with it, that no raw edge may be seen when it is done. We then stitch it neatly and strongly down, holding it carefully in position the while, on both



Home-made Toys for Girls and Boys.

right side and wrong. After the ears are in, nothing remains but to pack Mr. Bunny Rabbit, paws first, as tightly as possible, with white wadding and sew him up, commencing at the throat. Black bead eyes and a pink crewel mouth complete the effect.



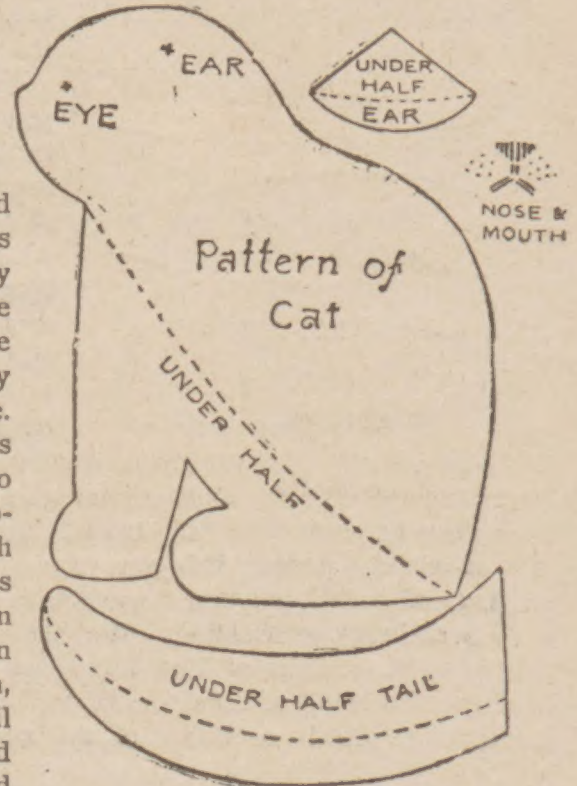
It was not until we had turned out some scores of rabbits, for private circulation and bazaars — where they find a ready sale — that we evolved a higher form of quadruped, namely, the "harmless, necessary cat."

We had been trying to buy one for a pussy-loving little friend, but none of the three varieties of feline commonly to be met with in shops quite suited our desires. The mewling species was hard and cornery — not quite the thing for its devoted owner to lie comfortably upon in bed; the india-rubber breed was expensive and odorous; and the furry type resembled in physiognomy nothing on earth so much as an infant gorilla of peculiarly repulsive countenance, and we feared that in the character of "pussy" it might not be recognised. So we set about and made one for ourselves.

Grey or tawny-brown plush is quite the nicest material for cats, being soft and silky, and if tastefully "tabbled" with a brushful of ink, a very realistic effect may be obtained. The anatomy of the kitten is very similar to that of the bunny, the chief difference being in the ears and the long tail, which latter requires stuffing.

When the ear is stitched up and turned, the outside half of the base, which is the larger, must be hemmed lightly over the inner, then the two corners brought together and fastened, so as to form the finished ear. This, contrary to the case of the bunny, is sewn on *after* the animal is stuffed, making the opening turn as much as possible towards the cat's face. With a crewel nose, white cotton whiskers, and eyes of blue or emerald-green sequins, pussy is complete.

The larger cat, in a sitting-up position, is, of course, made on a similar principle, and we have in this instance merely indicated the outline of the under half by a dotted line. The legs of this animal have to be drawn together with several threads of strong cotton to keep them in proper position, and if the tail is also tacked to curl round the toes, it affords additional support and makes pussy's seat more secure.



A black velvet cat with a bit of pure white swan's-down calico sewn on its breast is very natural-looking. White cats may be preferred by some, and if, in the case of these and the rabbits, the fluffy nap is picked out with a needle at every seam, the joins may be rendered almost invisible.

JENNIE CHAPPELL.

MOTHERS IN COUNCIL.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. E. M. WATERWORTH, AUTHOR OF "MOTHERS AT HOME," ETC.

July 1st, 1895.



MY DEAR FRIENDS,—A very pleasant holiday to all of you! "Poor is the heart that never rejoices," and I suspect almost every reader of our magazine has managed to put by a sum, little or big, for the summer trip to sea or country.

By the by, has it ever struck you that while it is quite right and wise to put by "against a rainy day," as the saying is, it is equally right and wise to put by for the sunny day, when you feel that you would like a breath of God's sweet country air, or a glimpse of His mighty ocean?

My advice to you all is to divide your income systematically. All work and no play not only makes Jack a dull boy, but it makes his parents sad-hearted too. Men and women need rest and change, or the clouds will

gather o'er their homes and shut out the sunshine of cheerfulness and joy.

So, "ANNIE," I think you are very wise to keep a little reserve fund for holidays, as well as for sickness. Perhaps if we did more of the former in a rational, God-fearing way, we should need less of the latter.

* * * *

"OLD SALT" sends a protest, through the hand of his wife, against the wholesale ill-treatment of young children which goes on at seaside places during the summer. "I've watched the poor little dears ducked head foremost into the waves, and come up choked with screams and salt water, till my fingers itched to go and carry the poor little creatures away from the folks as didn't know how to use 'em."

You are right, "OLD SALT." It is absolutely cruel to dip a young child into the big sea like that. Many

mothers think it strengthens the child, but they never made a greater mistake. Better far have some salt water taken to your lodgings, and let the little morsel enjoy it at home. The very size of the sea is enough to terrify many children. Besides which—and this is a point which applies to all ages—immersion does not suit everyone.

Here are a few rules for the management of children at the seaside, which may, perhaps, save a good deal of illness :—

Don't let your children paddle until they have been at the seaside for at least two days. Before paddling, take a handful of the sea water and wet the back and top of their heads and the big bone at the back of the neck. That will prevent the blood running up to their heads. Finally, be firm in your command that they should begin at first with only half an hour, and never exceed an hour at a time. "Man is not an amphibious animal, and nothing does more harm to throat and ears than injudicious sea-bathing," said a doctor to me once.

* * * *

"HOUSEWIFE," who can only afford to keep one little servant, wants to know how to prevent eggs staining the silver spoons. Don't apologise, good "HOUSEWIFE," for your one little maid. No saying was ever truer than "More cattle, more care," and the nearer one can get to doing or seeing after everything oneself, if strength permit, the nearer one is to solid comfort. If "HOUSEWIFE" will take care, when she has finished her egg, to rub the spoon well with salt inside and out, she will find that it will be perfectly clean when washed. If "HOUSEWIFE" wants her spoons and forks to look nice always, she should put some powdered borax in the water instead of soap.

* * * *

I hope poor "JULIA'S" little baby is better. It is a serious matter for a child of only a year old to get whooping cough. Although I have written fully to "JULIA," perhaps some other poor mother may like to know the best way of treating this most troublesome disease.

First of all, get two strips of flannel, about two inches wide and three yards long. Roll these up tightly, and then wind them round the youngster's body, taking care to go over each shoulder, and so protect the top of each lung, back and front. Keep one bandage for day, the other for night wear, and take care to dry them when you take them off. In cold winter weather it is best to keep the child in one room, heated to about sixty degrees; but in warm, sunny weather the more the child is out the better. There is an old superstition that you should take little whoopers across the water every day if possible. I give you that for what it is worth, if you happen to be near a river or stream.

As for medicine—well, there is not much good in any beyond keeping the bowels well regulated. Whooping cough, like a wilful woman, will have its way. You may, however, alleviate the distress a little by rubbing the spine with a mixture of compound camphor and belladonna liniment, and give also every four hours a dose

of bromide of ammonia with a little syrup, according to the age of the child, beginning with half-grain doses for twelve months old. Let me beg of you all, when nursing a case of whooping cough, to watch the temperature, and if it rises much, send at once for a doctor.

* * * *

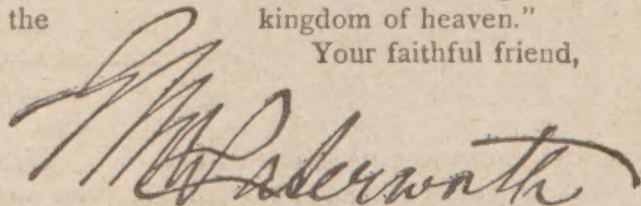
"JEMIMA" is distressed because she cannot get her water-bottles to shine as brightly as a friend's, and she does not like to ask her how it's done. Let me tell you. Save every piece of whitey-brown paper that comes into your house; once a week take your bottles, cram them full of this paper torn into *tiny* pieces, then put in as much water as you can, and twist them round and round, and shake them up and down for a little while. I always use a wooden skewer, to be sure that the paper gets to every inch of the inside surface. Then fish out the paper into a bowl of water, and rub the outside of the bottle, turn it up to drain, and you will find it look as clear as crystal.

* * * *

"B. B.," who evidently desires to be a pattern mother, wishes me to give my opinion as to corporal punishment for children. I wish I had space to say all I feel on this subject, but I have not, and can only give you the barest outlines of what I consider to be a mother's duty in this matter. First, remember that the spare-the-rod-and-spoil-the-child rule was not endorsed by our Saviour. On the contrary, He seems to have gone out of His way almost to exalt the position of children and to be tender and loving to them.

Secondly, corporal punishments are like narcotics, the more the child has of them the more he will need, and the less effect they will have on him. "B. B." has evidently a very sensitive, highly-strung youngster of six, who takes to heart a slap and can't get over it for two or three hours. Then why, dear friend, slap him? Furthermore, the youngster has a twist in his ideas of right and wrong, and calls everyone "unkind" who finds fault with him or anyone else. There's something comical in the little fellow's attitude, after all. Remember, "B. B.," that he is really little more than a baby. Don't slap him, don't scold him. When he has done something wrong, take him aside, put him on your knee, and tell him the story of the Saviour taking a little fellow out of the crowd. Ask him whether he would not like to have been that child, and whether he doesn't think that boy felt Christ's touch for many a long day. Then go on—but I am sure that "B. B." knows as well as I do what to say next. Half the so-called naughtiness of children would melt away if we grown-up people would treat them like reasonable beings and not like machines, remembering that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Your faithful friend,



A Good Housewife.—Says a quaint old writer: "A good housewife should not be a person of one idea, but should be familiar with the *flower garden* as well as with the *flour barrel*; and though her *lesson* should be to *lessen* expense, the *odour* of a fine rose should not be less valued than the

order of her household. She will prefer a yard of shrubbery to a yard of satin. If her husband is a skilful *sower* of grain, she is equally skilful as a *sewer* of garments. He keeps his *hose* bright by use, she keeps the *hose* of the whole family in order."

HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING.

BY A PRACTICAL DRESSMAKER.

COATS and skirts made in cloth or stout cotton materials are as fashionable as ever, and form a very useful outfit for summer wear. A costume of this

kind usually dispenses with a bodice, and consists simply of a skirt with a coat worn either

over a blouse or a front of silk, with a lining back. Coats of the present season have a shorter and fuller basque. Skirts, too, are worn very full. The fulness begins a little below the waist, and the back is stiffened by interlining, and arranged in full organ-

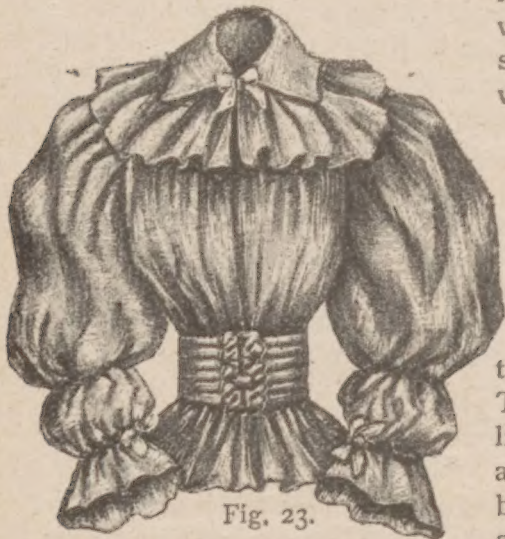


Fig. 23.

pleats, kept in place by a tape or elastic sewn on the inside of the skirt at three equal distances.

Lovely patterns are being shown in cotton materials, many of which have a floral stripe or spot. Crepons, drill, sateen, and duck are among the favourites. The newest patterns in duck are of a greenish shade.

Children's bonnets are rapidly gaining in size, so that before long we shall have developed the Granny shape. Cotton and lace hats are light and pretty, and can be easily made. The crown consists of gathered silk or nainsook, while the brim is simply a flounce of lace or embroidery,

kept in place by a row or two of silk wire. For ladies and older children, fancy straw plaits in all colours will be worn. Bright green, deep butter colour, and other shades, together with shot straws are now to be seen.

Feathers will be more worn than ever, and flowers will be used in great profusion. On the whole, all the summer headgear is very showy in appearance, bright colours for ribbons and flowers being most popular.

Fig. 23. Here we have a very seasonable lady's blouse, suitable for making in cotton material, thin woollen, or

silk. There is a fitting foundation lining, and over this the material is gathered at the neck and on the shoulders, being drawn in at the waist with a wide pleated waistband. The sleeve is arranged in two puffs, and left so as to form a frill at the bottom. The neck is completed with a turned-down collar trimmed with a frill of the same material; or lace or embroidery, which will give the blouse a pretty finish, could be used.



Fig. 25.

complete the suit. Drill or duck will be the best material for a washing suit; serge or thin tweed if woollen is desired. The knickers should be set on to a calico waistcoat for little boys' wear, as this is much healthier for them than braces. The blouse has a contrast collar and cuffs, and a sailor knot completes the neck in front, whilst the waist is drawn in with a belt.

Fig. 26. This little dress is suitable for a child from two to four years of age, and can be made in white or coloured washing stuff. The yoke-piece is covered with gathered material, and drawn up to the neck with a tiny frill. Below this the skirt piece is set on with gathers, and the edge is trimmed with a band of insertion. Short puffed sleeves made over a lining are used, and set into a band of insertion. The yoke is also outlined with insertion.

Flat patterns can be supplied. Figs. 23, 24, 25, and 26, 6½d. each. Address, "M.C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



Fig. 24.



Fig. 26.